The Merry Soldier's Courtship:

Wherein he shews a Soldier ought not to be slighted, not only because they venture their Lives, but likewise that Kings and Princes are, and have been of the same Occupation.

To an excellent new Tune.

Licensed according to Order.

A Soldier and a bonny Lass,
as they walk'd forth one day,
With Kisses and with Complements,
he unto her did say,
Sweet, let me kiss thy thy ruddy Lips,
'twill make me some what bolder;
Indeed, kind Sir, my Mother said,
I might not kiss a Soldier.

My Dear, a Soldier travels far,
in bloody Field to fight,
And proves playlest a Man of War,
with shining Armour bright:
His Valour daunts the mightiest For,
making their Courage colder,
And Dearest do not answer no,
but kiss an honest Soldier.

The Cowards lies on Beds of Down
the silent Night secure,
While we to Honour and Renown,
all hardship do endure:
The Summer hot, in Camp we lye,
and Winter, though much colder;
What man is he that can outvie
the valiant Warlike Soldier?

With flying Colours in the Field,
we stand by force of Arms;
Nothing so low can make us yield,
as Love's alluring Charms:
She make the proudest Monarch bow,
if once he doth behold her;
Therefore my flowring Treasure now
embrace an honest Soldier.

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The Soldier is a Pillow strong,
for to support the Throne,
Whose Loyal Duty do's belong
to Majesty alone:
Fighting up to the Knees in Blood,
to be the Realm's upholder;
If this thy Mother understood,
she'd let thee love a Soldier.

My Dear, I do deserve thy Love,
as thou shalt understand,
There's not a noble man above
a Soldier, in the Land.
The Monarch whom we all obey,
Religion's true upholder:
he bears the Royal Scepter sway,
and is both King and Soldier.

My Love, when David lay asleep
upon the solid Down,
Among his Lambs and harmless Sheep,
he dream'd the Royal Crown
In splendid Glory he should rear,
and be the Land's upholder:
Then tell me Love, who can compare
with the right valiant Soldier?

He slew Goliah with a Sling,
then us'd a Sword also,
And did the Giant's head soon bring,
unto the Ground full low:
Throwing away his Shepherd's Crook,
which he wore on his Shoulder,
And took the Sword and Scepter both,
being both King and Soldier.

A Soldier's Glory will appear
from the Records of Fame,
Great Alexander Love, we hear,
he conquer'd where he came;
No less than all the Universe,
no Champion ever bolder;
Therefore my Sweet and bonny Lass,
embrace an honest Soldier.

You see that Kings and Noble Peers
hath Soldiers been of old,
And so they are of later years,
Courageous, Stout, and Bold:
Then wherefore should they be run down,
who are the Lands Upholder?
Then prithee Dearest do not frown,
but love an honest Soldier.

The Damsel made him this Reply,
what you have now declar'd,
I cannot in the least deny,
but yet I am afraid,
Your kind Embraces to receive,
although the Land's Upholder:
But first I'll ask my Mother's leave,
and then I'll love a Soldier.

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